



**Really, really
short stories**

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The little boy

The boy was looking out of his bedroom window. The driveway was full of snow with no sign of the sun for days. Schools were shut down due to heavy snowfall.

"Aaron", calls the babysitter, "it's time for bed little one" She tucks the little boy cosily in the blanket. Kisses the boy and turns off the lamp. "But mom always kept it on", says Aaron. The babysitter gives a smile, turns on the night lamp and says, "Good night sweet child."

It's a long cold night. The house is kept warm with the heating turned up. There are no stars in the sky, with thick clouds moving swiftly with the strong breeze.

"Morning champ!", exclaims Stacey while drawing the curtains aside. Aaron wakes up to find his aunt picking up his action figures from the floor and neatly laying them down on the empty bookshelf.

"Aunt Stacey, why are you dressed up so early? Is the sun out already? "

" No dear, it's snowing outside", Stacey says with a big sigh. "it's an important day at work today for me, the big presentation day. I told you about it last weekend, remember? "

" hmm", says Aaron, who is still half asleep.

"I've asked Nana to come in early to babysit you during the day and get you up and ready."

Aaron dozes off again. Stacey kisses Aaron on the forehead and says good bye, "Wish me luck!"

"Good luck, aunt Stace!"

Wiping clean the frost covered window, Aaron looks out. There is tall lean teenager walking the dog on the snow covered road. The

expression on the teenager's face is that of a bored, uninterested person who does not care if the dog wants him to play with it.

At the dinner table, during the evening, Stacey talks about the hypocrisy of the office management of choosing a male employee's ideas during the presentation while talking about woman empowerment over the watercooler breaks.

Stacey and Aaron walk upstairs to Aaron's room to prepare for bed.

"Aunt Stace, would we be going to the SuperMart tomorrow morning since it's saturday? ", asks Aaron curiously.

"While, of course dear! Have you created a list of things that you'd like to purchase?"

"I have it all on my mind.", smiles Aaron.

Stacey tucks the 4 year old in bed, turns on the night lamp. While leaving the room, Stacey notices all of Aaron's toys missing on the shelf and the floor.

Stacey turns to Aaron and enquires, "Dear, where are all your action figures and stuffed animals?"

"I've packed them all for tomorrow"

"Packed them? for tomorrow?", Stacey with a surprised face.

"Yes! You'll get to know."

"Well, alright! Good night sweet heart.", Stacey smiles and closes the door behind her.

The sun finally shines bright in the sky on Saturday morning. It's been a fortnight since the snow storm and overcast conditions made moving out of the homes a nearly impossible task. There is still a cold breeze, with the morning mist as seen in the distance.

Stacey and Aaron drive downtown towards the supermarket.

"That is a big bag, full of toys you have back there", says Stacey, while lowering the volume of the radio, "Would you now tell me what you are planning to do with them?"

Aaron gives a cute smiles with the four missing incisors, "Almost there."

The car is parked near the store. Stacey helps Aaron out of the rear seat.

"Aunt Stace, would you help me carry the bag?", asks Aaron.

"Sure, sweetie.", says Stacey.

Aaron takes Stacey's hand and swiftly goes to the front door of the store with her. He asks his Aunt to hand him one toy at a time. Stacey still surprised, does what the smiling 4 year old asks.

He hands out a toy to each person, man and woman who walk out of the store and wishes them, "Merry Christmas!"

In return, every single individual hugs the boy tightly with a smile and wishes Merry Christmas back.

Stacey can't help but smile at the little boy, still wondering why Aaron handed out his own toys to strangers and that too adults.

After all toys are exhausted, Aaron and Stacey return back to the car after completing the grocery shopping.

Stacey asks Aaron, "Why did you give away all your toys to those strangers? You loved playing with them!"

"Every Saturday, when we come out here, I find all people to be sad and never smile. I thought if I get happiness while playing with my toys, I can bring a smile on others faces as well."

Stacey gets down to her feet and gives a tight hug to the 4 year old.

Upon reaching back home, Stacey puts the napping boy on the couch and wraps around a blanket to keep the boy warm. Looking above the fireplace, where there is a picture of a woman holding a baby and her husband standing beside her.

Stacey silently mumbles, "Sis, wish you were alive to see what a thoughtful boy you have.", tears roll down her eyes.

The summer

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The final match

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